

# The Citizen Knife

The Citizen is sharp, and it has a good bargain for its subscribers who like a sharp knife. Any subscriber to THE CITIZEN who pays his dollar for first payment or renewal can have a dollar knife extra by paying 25 cents extra. Razor steel, white or black rough horn handle—Looks like this.



GET ONE TODAY

## HOME TOWN HELPS

### WILL USE NEWSPAPERS ONLY

Merchants of Kansas Coming to Conclusion That Local Paper is Only Place to Advertise.

The merchants of Manhattan, Kan., have decided to turn down all fake advertising schemes, and will make all their announcements through the local papers.

The city-tongued stranger who goes to Manhattan to issue a livery-stable directory will receive no encouragement. The man who offers to paint advertising on trees or barb wire fences at so much a letter will be thrown through the transom.

The merchants of Abilene have followed suit, and will hereafter spend no more money to have their names painted on the town cows or on toy balloons or on woodchucks.

The movement is spreading, and the day is at hand when all Kansas merchants will adopt the safe and sane plan and do their advertising in the newspapers.

It is the only way to reach and interest the people who buy things. The people read their home newspapers, but they don't read telephone poles, or cows or barbed wire fences. You never yet saw a man seated by his fireside reading a board fence or the side of a barn to his children.

### STOP AND THINK A MINUTE

After Reading This You Will Agree That Your Home Merchant Deserves Your Patronage.

When your church gives an entertainment who buys a ticket from you? Your Home Merchant.

When your union gives a dance who buys a ticket of you? Your Home Merchant.

When you raise a subscription for a sick or needy brother who heads the list? Your Home Merchant.

When yourself or some one of your family is sick and your pay day envelope won't reach around who gives you credit? Your Home Merchant.

Did you ask the mail order man to help your church, buy a ticket for your dance, subscribe for your sick brother's benefit or give you credit until next pay day? Of course you didn't.

Just think of that the next time you get a mail order house circular and imagine you see a bargain. Thinking of it may do you good.

### Where to Look.

What Christ is, constitutes the safety, life, power, and joy of every surrendered believer. We cannot too constantly or too completely hold to this simple truth. The child rests in complete helplessness and completely trusting dependence upon the parent. But more completely still does Christ's own being constitute all our life and strength and hope and safety and happiness. Therefore, if we yield wholly to him, we may always find all our assurance in him. To "remember Jesus Christ" in this way is all that is needed for our daily guidance, and strength, and peace, and accomplishment. The Psalmist knew God in the same way when he sang, "Be glad in Jehovah." "Rejoice in Jehovah." "I will bless Jehovah at all times." "Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee." "Jehovah be magnified." "God is our refuge and strength." As we thus face God in Christ and fix our whole heart and soul and spirit upon what he is, there is no room left for fear or unsettling thoughts about ourselves, or for anxiety in any direction. When we let Christ become the real focus of our trusting gaze, we are safe, and we are satisfied.

### Life Abundant.

Easter means life, new life, life abundant, not some time in the future, but here and now.—It means the conquest and growth over decay, of beauty and fertility over barren bleakness, of life over death. The present hope of which the budding buds of springtime is a symbol, brings immortality close, and makes today, with its little round of duties a part of the eternal. It connects life here and now with the glorious perfected life beyond, making each a part of God's supreme gift.

## EASTERN KENTUCKY CAVES

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the cave begins with a great room forty feet in size and from this room a great rough rudely decked passage leads down and down into the heart of the mountain. To right and left smaller passages lead off into the silent darkness and now and again from some yawning black hole comes the murmur of water dashing along far below and stones thrown in give back a hollow roar as they go bounding down echoing dungeons till they come to rest in some subterranean pocket far from the prying eyes of mortal man. Here and there stalactites hang from the walls and ceiling and stalagmites lift their blunt forms from the rugged floor. At the far end of one long passage near the mouldering remains of a leech which must have been old before the war, we came upon a fine deposit of pipe clay and several members of the party paused long enough to secure enough of this guiltless element to carve out souvenirs of our visit. Forty minutes served to explore this cave and after taking several kodak pictures at the mouth we scrambled along the side of the mountain to water cave, from whose cold recesses a sparkling stream comes gurgling out into the sunshine.

From this water cave we climbed up the face of a nearly perpendicular rock that leads to Sampson cave. The only possible way of reaching this cave is by means of poles and by clinging like flies to narrow ledges and niches in the weathered stone where the slip of an inch would mean a fall of forty feet or more to the boulders below. We made the ascent one by one until we stood upon the narrow shelf from which the cave is entered, and such an entrance! First a narrow hole, scarcely fifteen inches in diameter, then the passage enlarges a little only to become so small that one has to work himself forward inch by inch. It was an amusing sight indeed to those of us who finally reached a breathing space to see one after another of our companions come wriggling like ground hogs out of that narrow hole in the pale light of our lanterns and the old cave echoed to many a peal of hearty laughter as streaked with mud, hatless and puffing they came slowly into view. At last all were inside and for an hour we clambered over rock masses, crept along the slippery edges of crevices, explored winding passages, crawled into dark holes, slid down precipitous slopes and flashed our lights into great echoing chambers whose downward ceilings gave back our footstep like the echoing arches of some dimly lighted cathedral. It was in this cave some years ago that one member of a party got lost. The others thought he had gone ahead of them but going home and not finding him they refilled their lanterns and secured several spools of white line thread and went back in search of the missing explorer. Fastening one end of their thread outside the cave they went from passage to passage until they found the place where their friend scratched a rock with his boot heel, in sliding down into a dark passage. No one had ever been down there before and they did not know what to expect, but leaving one of their number to guard the entrance they slid down and found another passage that turned back under the main channel of the cave. So down this passage they hurried, slipping and stumbling over loose stones and wading in icy water until they found him huddled upon a ledge of rock which he had managed to warm up slightly with a poor fire of dry wood that soon went out. He had been there all night when they found him and his feeling through those long silent hours can be imagined better than described for he knew that with his lantern empty and only a few broken matches his fate was sealed unless some one should come and find him. The welcome he gave his rescuers was but little less enthusiastic than the one they offered him.

Walking until we were weary we finally made our way back to the entrance, crawled through the narrow hole, worked our way along the ledge and slid down the poles to safety and making our way down the

mountain we bade farewell to our companions and were soon back at camp.

With best wishes to you all, I beg to remain yours most truly,  
C. S. Knight.

## WIDOW MC QUARY

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In a few feet from its mouth the cave opened into a great room, fifty to a hundred feet high and of equal width and two or three hundred feet long. There is a succession of rooms, diminishing in size as you go further in.

But how gorgeously these rooms are adorned with innumerable clean, almost white stalactites, hanging down from the ceiling above, glistening in the light of the torches like so many icicles. These are of all lengths. Several of them, are six feet long with corresponding stalagmites below; some of these in very curious and interesting forms.

The only signs of life we saw were large white crickets and bats. The bats hung down from the ceiling in great clusters or bunches like honey bees when they are out on a swarming occasion.

Our torches consisted of tallow candles wrapped with several thicknesses of dampened cotton cloth. These were convenient to carry and gave an excellent light.

O, what a beautiful world to live in if the people, all, were as beautiful to each other as mother nature is to them! Never mind, the good time is coming! Jesus taught us to pray for it and He is on the Throne now hearing and helping us to answer our own prayers. Much ground had been gained since fifty-five years ago! Listen!

Fifty-five years ago chattel slavery reigned in Pulaski County, and though the McQuary neighborhood was largely a non-slaveholding community the fact of its entertaining a free school and preaching by an anti-slavery preacher from the North was unbearable to the slaveholding element.

We were boarding at widow McQuary's. She soon began to hear rumors of dissatisfaction, and finally came a report that "THEY" were going to have a Candee pulling at her house. The school still went on apparently undisturbed, indicating that the parents of the children were not in the Candee pulling enterprise. Rumors had quieted down until one dark night in early evening the McQuary quiet home was startled by a volley of guns fired in the front yard near the door. The scamps who fired the guns immediately fled down the road and gathered in the old ladies' barn yard where she had a young spirited horse running at large. I went out the back door and sauntered down inside the yard fence to a place opposite the barn yard and listened. Directly another volley of guns was fired. I could hear the horse tearing around the yard in great fright. I had noticed that the guns were fired toward the sky, and probably without lead. So I called out to the Candee pullers that they better not fire their guns in the barn yard; they would scare the old ladies' horse to death. They evidently thought they were detected—scared at "my gentle voice" to a humiliating surrender. For they came back to the house and plead guilty of meaning no harm.

But Squire McQuary soon appeared on the scene with his double barrel gun to square things with bullets and shot if need be. He gave those young fellows some strong advice and they sneaked away.

But a greater surprise awaited the McQuaries and their northern boarders. In a few nights they were awakened to witness the burning down of their school house. Squire McQuary appeared again with gun in hand to square up with the incendiaries if he could identify them. They were not to be seen.

But what a pitiful sight the next morning to witness the weeping of

those heartbroken children when they came there and saw that their school house and school books were burned to ashes! It was a pitiful sight to look into the sad faces of that mother and daughter! The mother's grief bordered of hysteria. It was a wrath provoking sight to look into the angry face of that irate son!

We tarried at our boarding place until Mrs. McQuary got word that "THEY" would burn her out if she did not dismiss her Candee boarders.

Dismiss her Candee boarders! Not on her life, was her sentiment! She would have sacrificed her all before she would ever hint to us a wish that we would leave. I called on William and told him that that was my conviction of her attitude and wanted him to tell me frankly if she would not be pleased to have us leave on our own motion. He replied that my conviction of his mother's attitude was correct; but he thought she would be pleased to have us leave on our own account, and on our own initiative. We yielded to her wish. I have told this many times and have always characterized Mrs. McQuary as the Princess Heroine of Pulaski County.

My next will be back to Berea on the way to Jackson County.

## UNITED STATES NEWS

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3rd and 4th were set apart as Good Roads days for the entire State.

### BUMPER WHEAT CROP

Seven hundred and fifty-four million bushels of wheat is the estimate of the Agricultural Department of the greatest wheat crop this country has ever produced. It exceeds the record crop of 1901 by 6,000,000 bushels.

The hot weather and drouth have worked havoc with the corn crop. The indications Sept. 1st were for a yield of 2,251,000,000 bushels. The potato crop is estimated at 325,000,000 bushels, a reduction of 14,000,000 from previous estimate.

### MORE TRAIN WRECKS

Pennsylvania Flyer was thrown from the track at New Madison, O., injuring thirty-five out of seventy-three passengers and killing three of the crew. Too high speed around the curve.

A Missouri Pacific train turned over four miles east of Booneville, Mo. The engine went thru a bridge. Physicians and a wrecking crew have gone to their relief.

## WORLD NEWS

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diers who were captured after a severe fight, were executed according to a report made to consitutionalists headquarters.

## WATER FAMINE

Owing to great scarcity of water we shall be compelled to turn off water from 9:30 p.m. until 5 a.m.

No lawns must be sprinkled for three weeks.

No water wasted by any of our patrons—where such waste is continued, water will be shut off entirely.

This same penalty will be applied where others than subscribers are being allowed water privileges.

### BEREA COLLEGE.

### For Others.

The selfish spirit is utterly at variance with the spirit and the mind of Christ. Every man for somebody else, is the battle cry of the Lord's hosts. "Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature," is expressive of the divine intentions concerning the spirit and attitude of his children toward mankind without exception. By the law of nature and the law of the government of God, every man is debtor to the other man. It is a serious thing to be charged with eternal responsibility for the other man. Every one either helps or hinders the other one. What if one be found a stumbling block instead of a light-bearer, a teacher and guide for the other man?

## THE NEW MUSIC HALL

Wants A Hundred Beginners on the Cabinet Organ.

The great interest in organ playing was shown by the splendid work and great applause in connection with the organ music at the Jam Social Tuesday night. It has also been shown by the great increase of organ students in recent years. It is mainly to meet this demand that the Congregational Church property is being made over into a first class music building. The second floor will be ready for occupancy next week and the whole building next week. The rooms are most convenient and it is certain that organ students will make more rapid progress than ever.

To make the way open for everybody and celebrate the opening of this new building there has been again a reduction from the very low prices which are usually offered. A student can take two lessons a week for the Fall Term, have the use of a room and organ an hour each day and the use of the musical library, all for the low price of \$4.90 which is half the regular rates at other schools. These low rates will not be given later on. Anybody who ever expects to study music should begin now.

## HOME AGAIN

After an almost continuous absence from Berea, of one year and nine months, Professor and Mrs. LeVant Dodge have returned to make their permanent home. This is in accordance with their plan when they went to Tennessee, in 1911. They receive a cordial welcome on every hand. Professor Dodge was actively a member of the College faculty for thirty-two years, and for the past seven years has been published as Professor Emeritus of Greek and Political Science. During his absence he has preached considerably and has been actively identified with different public interests at Unicoi, Tenn. He is still the responsible custodian of a school property there on which is a building originally costing twenty thousand dollars.

Prof. and Mrs. Dodge have a commodious house in building on Jackson Street, which is expected to be ready for occupancy in November. The arrangement of rooms is substantially their own; but the fine architectural drawings were made by our C. B. Lindsley. The plan is much admired and the view of Berea's hills and valleys is the most charming. For the present Prof. and Mrs. Dodge are in the house lately owned by Professor Calfee.

## PAINT LICK ITEMS

Paint Lick, Sept. 6.—Mr. Floyd Flanery of Kansas, Ill., visited here with his father-in-law, Mr. Robert Peters, last week.—Mrs. M. J. Mahaffey sold her property here in Wallacetown to Mr. Jack Kidd of Lowell, last Thursday.—The drouth continues here. Stock water is scarce.—Mr. and Mrs. James Guinn attended church at Scaffold Cane, Sunday; also Mr. John Guinn and Miss Mary Guinn.—Mrs. Addie Gentry visited her brother, Burt Soper at Lancaster last week.—Mrs. Susie Holcomb visited her nephew, Will Renfro, at Point Levee, Thursday and Friday last.—Moses Huggins of Lowell has rented Dan Botkins' store house, recently vacated by Charles Brown, and will put in a new stock of goods soon.—Meeting closed Sunday night at the Baptist church with nine additions.—Mrs. Sue Wallace visited on her way to Middleboro with her brother, R. H. Soper and her sister, Mrs. Addie Gentry, also with her uncle, Mr. Eli Baker and Mr. James Baker of this place.—The Misses Dora and Grace Gentry visited friends and relatives on Red Lick last week.

## MISS MYRTLE'S STORY

By FLORA DELL.

"Yes, I have had one strange experience," Miss Myrtle smiled reminiscently, as the girls pleaded for a story. "Myra, a school chum of mine, wrote for me to visit her at her hotel home in the west, and tired with my social duties, I accepted. On the journey I pictured her in the ordinary country town hotel; antique accommodations, fat, bald-headed proprietor, cold baths from a water pitcher, and sundry other unpleasant features.

"Imagine my amazement on my arrival, after Myra's cordial reception, at being received in an exchange almost luxurious in appointment, supplemented by the most up-to-date sleeping apartments, private baths, push buttons and all modern conveniences. I retired early the first night in order to secure a long rest, and be prepared for the pleasure of the next day. I drew a long sigh of comfort as I nestled down between the cool, clean sheets and prepared for a night of sound sleep. I think I had just lost consciousness when I awoke with the sensation that some one was in the room. I was not naturally nervous, but the feeling that now had me in its grip was one of distinct fear. When fairly awake I bounded out of bed, snapped on the electric light and made a hurried survey of the room. With the full return to consciousness I became aware of a soft sound, like deep, regular breathing, a strange, elusive sound, seeming at one minute behind me and the next to come from the center of the room. Completely baffled in my efforts to locate it, I began to think I was the victim of some practical joke, or else suffering from an unusual attack of indigestion. Deciding that the latter was not probable, I went back to bed, determined to finish my rest; but even with an effort to drown the sound by burying my head in the sheets, I could still hear the regular movements, sometimes low and soft, and again seemingly labored and right over the bed, as my fevered imagination clothed it in various impossible shapes.

"I cannot tell how long I lay nervously wakeful, when I suddenly saw a soft ray of light on the window frame, and the sweet twitter of a bird on a tree outside my window apprised me of the approach of dawn, and with other welcome indications of approaching morning I lost the sound and my fear of it and drifted into a heavy sleep.

"The next day I decided to say nothing about my experience, as it might bring ridicule upon me, and I passed a pleasant day with the decision firmly rooted of banishing the whole affair from my mind. I retired after a jolly evening, ready to laugh at my experience of the previous night.

"Whether the subject refused to be dismissed and my mind dwelt unconsciously upon it in my slumbers, I do not know, but about midnight I found myself once more sitting upright in the bed, clutching the bed clothing tightly and listening to the same deep, regular breathing of the night before.

"Once more I brought the electric light into play; once more made a determined detour of the room, when suddenly—was it my imagination, or had the breathing really assumed a different tone? It seemed to be coming in gasps—like the last labored breath of life—it seemed close at my back. I made one leap toward the door—the gasping sounded in my ears. With a spasmodic grip I turned the handle and slipped into the wide hall. Myra's room was down the corridor, and I flew toward it, but had gone but a short distance when a hand gripped my shoulder, and I fell in an unconscious heap—at Myra's feet.

"When I came to I was on my bed and she was bathing my face with a refreshing lotion. I remember murmuring, 'What was it?' and then I sank, partly from exhaustion, partly from a sweet sense of security, into a sound sleep, from which I did not awaken until morning."

Miss Myrtle ceased speaking, and for a few moments there was an intense silence. At last the girls asked in chorus: "Aren't you going to tell us what it was?"

"Oh," said Miss Myrtle, and a little smile crinkled the corners of her mouth, and an amused twinkle shone in her brown eyes. There was another short silence, and then she said: "Have you ever heard of a water motor?" She laughed softly. "I never had then, but I decided that even if I had been brought up in a city, there were a few things yet to be learned."

Death of Youthful Japanese Emperor. According to a Spanish writer on Japan, the most pathetic suicide recorded in the history of that country took place over eight centuries ago.

"In 1181," writes Senor Gomez Carillo, "the nine-year-old Emperor Kotoku saw his troops defeated. The child disheveled his hair, wept copiously, and invoked the holy name of Buddha. When he had finished his nurse Nildono took him in her arms to the seashore. 'There is a lovely city beneath the bay,' she said, and then the waves covered the emperor and his nurse."

### Expensive.

"How often is your motor oyster-hauled, Binks?" asked Dusenberry. "Four times last month," said Binks. "Four times in one month? Gehraum! what for?" demanded Dusenberry.

"Speeding," said Binks. "Twice by the bicycle cops, once by a deputy sheriff, and once by a plain, common garden, village constable."—Judge.